

Snowed In by midnighteverlark

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

On a snowy evening in Winter Break of their last year in high school, Will and Mike find themselves alone in the Byers' house. Joyce and Jonathan are stuck in the city overnight, the weather getting too nasty to risk driving home.

It's been four years since their first kiss; four years since they first became boyfriends. Now, with the house to themselves for the night, and both of them snowed in together, they have an opportunity that they've never had before. And they decide to take it.

Trust, communication, love, and a look at how a relationship develops over the years.

1. An Unexpected Sleepover

Author's Note:

To be perfectly clear: THE CHARACTERS ARE 17 IN THIS, IN FACT JUST A COUPLE MONTHS AWAY FROM BEING 18 - THEY ARE NOT CHILDREN. And if you are picturing these (aged-up!) characters as their 13 year old selves in this, that's on you, and that's all I'll say about that.

I am NOT encouraging the sexualization of minors at all - 17 is the age when a lot of teenagers are first having sexual experiences (see: Nancy, Steve, and Jonathan.) Teenagers have sex; straight teenagers and gay teenagers both. If you'd rather not read about that, there's nothing wrong with that, and I bid you a friendly adeus. :)

I'm sorry I have to say that, but there's a lot of discourse about this in this fandom, and I felt it should be said.

TL;DR: the characters in this are 17, and this is rated M for a reason. If that makes you uncomfortable, you are not required to read; otherwise, welcome, and enjoy! :)

Mike

“Oh?”

In Mike’s peripheral vision, Will twists his forefinger around the phone cord. Mike’s head turns, eyebrows quirking at the tone of his voice, and Will releases the cord to beckon.

He shifts the phone as Mike approaches, fitting the receiver between them so they can both hear. “Are you sure?” Will says.

“It’s just so *icy*,” Joyce Byers’ voice sighs, tinny and a tad flat from

being filtered through the phone lines. “And it’s coming down so fast, and it’s already so dark... Well, I didn’t want to risk it. Especially not in the Pinto. That thing has been absolutely falling apart lately.”

“Mom, it’s been falling apart since you bought it.”

She makes a disgruntled noise. “It has not. How dare you? That little car has served me well for years.”

Will’s eyes shift to Mike’s and he makes a face that clearly means, *Yeah, sure, Mom, whatever.* Mike’s lips screw up in a badly-contained giggle. Will’s lips quirk up in an answering smile. He has to look up slightly into Mike’s face, as close as they are.

Through high school, Will slowly and steadily climbed to the 5’6 mark, while Mike shot up to nearly 5’9 in seemingly random fits and starts of growth and accompanying growing pains. It’s something Mike takes great delight in: he’s just the right height to press his lips to Will’s forehead - and then mess up his hair with a triumphant laugh as Will squawks in protest. But Mike can’t be blamed, really, when it’s just so fun to mess up.

Will started combing his hair to the side in about ninth grade. It’s still long enough to frame his face in a soft fringe, but there’s more shape to it now. He sweeps his bangs off to the side instead of letting them fall in a flat line over his forehead. The resulting style is neat, handsome in an unobtrusive way, and much more mature than the bowl-cut of their middle school years, though it does share a certain similarity. He never quite outgrew his love for plaid long-sleeved shirts, though. His clothes, as always, draw a bit of attention to him - not because they’re particularly remarkable, but because he’s naturally neat and clean and well-dressed. It makes teachers nod approvingly. It makes bullies snigger.

But no matter what anyone says about Will’s clothes, or his hair, or his kind, quiet demeanor, they can’t deny one thing: he has the most blindingly gorgeous smile on this side of the Great Lakes.

Joyce’s voice pulls Mike from his thoughts. “Anyway, are you sure you’ll be alright? I hate to leave you there alone.”

“I’m not alone. Mike’s over.”

“Good.” There’s not an ounce of surprise in Joyce’s voice. “There are some leftovers in the fridge, I think. Oh, and make sure to open up the cabinets under the sink, or the pipes will freeze.”

“I know, I know. We’ll be fine.”

Will turns the phone back to his own ear, going through several more *I knows* and *We'll be fines* and *Okay, Moms* before he finally says, “Okay. Okay. I love you too. Okay. Bye. Okay. Bye Mom.”

The old receiver *clunks* heavily into its cradle and Mike lifts his eyebrows again.

“What was that about?”

“Mom and Jonathan are gonna stay with a friend in the city tonight. Too snowy to drive home.”

It’s been snowing all day. Hawkins is soft and sparkling-pale with the stuff. Fence posts have muffin-tops of snow, street signs are flecked with white, and the wind has pushed deep drifts up against the north side of every building. At 6pm, it shows no signs of letting up; the last of the daylight has already faded, and the curtains are drawn. It’s bright and warm and quiet inside the Byers’ one-story house.

With winter break in full swing and Jonathan home from college, Joyce has been scrambling to prepare for Christmas. That means Christmas cookies - only lightly burned. That means scribbling out Christmas cards. That means roping everyone into family movie night every other day to watch old, grainy holiday classics. And that means driving down to the city with Jonathan to get in some late shopping. And then getting trapped by the blizzard.

And *that* means that, for practically the first time since school let out, Mike and Will have the house to themselves.

For the whole night.

Will seems to realize this at the same time that Mike does, and their eyes lock.

Four years. That's how long it's been since El closed the gate. Since Mike's view of normality was shaken and he finally figured, *You know, if a colossal shadow-demon can possess my best friend and a parallel dimension can leak into Hawkins, it's probably okay for a boy to like another boy.* Since Will swam to consciousness after the exorcism with a resolution firm in his mind. Since they both decided to take a chance. Since their first kiss.

Four years.

And yet sometimes, when the wind howls against the thin walls and Will steps just a little closer to Mike, it feels like they're thirteen again, stumbling and shy and unsure.

Then Will smiles, the wind abates, and the moment passes. It's 1988, the gate has been sealed and silent in its abandoned laboratory for years, and the Upside Down fades from Mike's mind as easily as a passing shadow.

Expecting Joyce and Jonathan to return any minute, they had been settled on the couch with a cautious buffer of space between them, paying half-attention to some cheesy holiday commercials. Now, Will crosses the living room and flicks off the TV. It takes him all of three seconds to return, slip one palm around the back of Mike's neck, and suck Mike's lower lip between his own without preamble. Mike makes a small noise - not from surprise, but appreciation. He allows Will to guide him backwards, to the wall just beside the phone, and his shoulderblades press into the hard surface. The wallpaper is cool and eggshell-smooth behind him, and in front of him, Will is solid and warm and insistent.

It's not at all an unfamiliar sensation.

Four years since their first kiss.

Two years since Will first backed Mike up against a wall.

A year since Mike first pushed back, grinding his hips into Will's in a way that made their breath catch in tandem.

Approximately eight months since Mike first undid the button of

Will's jeans with slow, deliberate fingers, glancing up repeatedly for permission, and slipped his hand inside.

It took them a long time before they got to that point, comparatively. Almost everyone in Hawkins High School had a tale or two of illicit encounters already. Even Max and Lucas had stopped being especially subtle about it long ago. But Will was timid and thought little of himself, and Mike was cautious and unsure, and it took several missteps and more than a few long conversations before they decided they were ready. Funnily enough, that first slow, fumbling handjob was completely spontaneous, taking place on an unusually warm April day in Castle Byers.

And once it happened, the floodgates opened.

"You know what?" Mike says, tilting away slightly to mumble against his boyfriend's lips.

"Hmm?"

"We could have a sleepover."

Will's brows quirk in an expression of sarcasm. "Nah. Just go get your bike and ride home in a whole blizzard. You'll be fine."

Mike sighs and disentangles himself. His arms gesture loosely at his sides. "Well, I *was* gonna make out with you, but I guess if that's the case I'll just..."

He's cut off when Will shoves him with a laugh, then draws him in again for a slower, deeper kiss. Will's confident side is out now - the side that only really shows itself when they're alone, free from the public eye. Teasing. Affectionate. Bold.

It took maybe three or four times for Will to overcome his natural shyness. Furtive, muffled handjobs in Will's bedroom late at night, door locked and barricaded with a chair for good measure; in the back of the Wheelers' car, parked deep in the woods on the shoulder of an empty road; in Mike's basement, with breaths as even and silent as possible, ears tuned for footsteps approaching the basement door. That was about the point where the nerves and the newness wore off,

and Will skipped straight from *shy* to *insatiable*. They only have a year or so left before they're legally adults, but they've been riding the wave of teenage hormones as far as it will take them. Well. The hormones, and the trauma. The Upside Down and everything that came from it left no Party member untouched. They all have quirks. They all have issues. They all have some fucked up shit rattling around in their brain thanks to the events that culminated in 1984.

The compulsion to check that everyone made it home safe. Nervous ticks when the lights flicker or a draft starts up. Occasional meltdowns. A bout of insomnia here, a flashback there. Hours spent doing damage control after El's infrequent but powerful panic attacks. Sleepovers spent all piled together in the Wheeler's basement, just to have everyone safe in one room. And, in Will's case particularly, an oscillating need to either *control* or *be controlled*. To have control over everything that's happening, including Mike - or to give up control completely, hands fisted in the sheets because he doesn't dare trust himself to touch.

It has been, Mike reflects, a goddamn roller coaster of a year. But he wouldn't want to get off this ride for anything.

Will withdraws from the kiss with contemplative eyes. His gaze flickers down, does a lap of the room, and then returns to Mike. "Just make out?"

Mike tilts his head, but understanding hits him with the force of a truck before he can even open his mouth.

With the house to themselves for the next twelve hours at the very least, and both of them snowed in together... Well. They have an opportunity now that they've never had before. One they've talked about, a few times, eventually deciding that they'd be ready given the chance. That chance has never presented itself. Until now.

Mike's heartbeat picks up, nerves and adrenaline trickling into his bloodstream little bits at a time. He was already pleasantly warm and unfocused from the kisses, pants just a tad tighter than usual, but now a deep, instinctual *tug* echoes low in his belly. He lets out an uneven breath.

“Not necessarily *just* make out.”

Mike’s hands smooth down Will’s shoulders and he laces their fingers together. He can see Will fighting the impulse to duck his head away sheepishly. A deep blush has risen in his cheeks, but he meets Mike’s eyes without flinching. He licks his lips.

“Want to?”

Outside, shutters rattle and the soft *hiss* of snow against the house crescendos, then fades to a low white noise. Will leans forward an inch to nuzzle along Mike’s cheek, the question lingering in his posture.

Mike nods, once.

The atmosphere shifts on a dime. One moment Will is leaning up against Mike, tracing the tip of his nose languidly along the taller boy’s jaw, and the next they’re halfway down the hallway, lips sliding together, nearly tripping on a sleeping Chester. The ageing white dog heaves himself to his feet with a half-bark, and Will tries to gently shove him out of the way as they tumble into Will’s room and close the door behind them out of habit.

These moments always have a kind of energy to them. When they find a rare hour alone, and there are no pressing tasks taking up their attention, and their impatient hands make it clear that they’re both thinking the same thing. It’s a warmth that seems to suffuse the air, or maybe it just lives in their skin. Something alive and bright and shimmering. Secrets swim around them like little silver fish, weightless, darting. And in their hitched breaths and searching eyes, there’s the aftertaste of risk: the sickening possibility that someone will find them and all their silver secrets, and everything will come crashing down. But no one has so far, and the notes of risk on Mike’s tongue only drive him to move faster.

Of course, there’s no risk here. Not now. Not with the whole town huddled indoors and the door locked and Will’s family miles and miles away. No one’s coming to interrupt them. Not this time. But the little thrill of *secret-forbidden-don’t-let-them-catch-you* is so ingrained that it doesn’t entirely fade, and it ignites goose bumps over Mike’s

arms and the back of his neck. They've stopped in the middle of the small bedroom, laughing over nothing, kissing. Waiting for some sort of sign.

Will breaks away first, mumbling something about music, and Mike goes to switch on Will's lava lamps just to have something to do. He has two - one red-ish, one purple-ish, on opposing corners of the room - and they cast a soft glow over the space. It's been a couple years since Will needed all the lights on to sleep, but on particularly bad nights, he leaves on the lava lamps. That's what Mike does now, flicking off the lightswitch before he turns back to Will.

A familiar chord progression starts up, the volume low. It's a mixtape they've listened to at least a hundred times by now: mostly mellow, vaguely upbeat songs. Will shrugs, as if to say, *That's the best I could do.*

Mike shrugs back, grinning, and they crawl onto the neatly made bed.

"Still want to?" Mike says, and Will hums his confirmation into his mouth, sealing their lips.

In the gentle, red-and-purple glow of the lava lamps, Will's hazel eyes seem to emit a glow of their own. He straddles Mike's lap in a fluid, practiced motion, and then his hands are in Mike's hair and their mouths open to each other. Will's tongue dashes into Mike's mouth, playful as a poke and solemn as a promise.

He's been so caught up in Will's lips that he hadn't fully registered how hard he is. At least, not until his hips tilt up on instinct and Will's jaw goes slack with a little groan. Mike does it again, and again, and their movements fall into an easy rhythm. The first time they did this, it was against a shelf of books and electronics in the AV room, and they sprang apart as if touched by a live wire when the bell rang. Mike grins at the memory, breaking the kiss by accident.

The worn, familiar mixtape crackles just slightly from the speakers. A new song starts up, blending with the various sighs, tinkles, and faint thumps of the storm outside. The wind has been battering against the house all day, creaking in the skeletal tree branches and making

icicles ring like tiny bells as they break off and fall. It's a thin, cold sound that somehow makes Will's small bedroom feel twice as snug. Especially with Will's hips swiveling down against Mike's, firm and rhythmic, drawing the first low moan from Mike's lips.

That deep, aching *tug* jolts low in his belly again, stronger this time. It spreads through his pelvis and up his spine, the energy around then heightening, thickening. His skin feels hypersensitive and taut with heat, as if he's moments from breaking out in a sweat. The soft-scratchy touch of the sweater he's wearing suddenly becomes unbearable. He wants it gone, wants it off, *now*, wants there to be nothing between them but skin.

Mike leans back just enough for Will to slip the offending sweater, plus the shirt beneath it, over Mike's head in one stilted pull. Mike's hands lift, his eyes on the first button of Will's shirt - the one just below the hollow of his throat. But Will darts forward before Mike can do anything. A pair of hot, saliva-slick lips ghost down the length of his neck. Will pauses at the junction where his neck meets his shoulder, nosing at the spot impishly before Mike tosses his head to the side with an impatient huff. The sensitive flesh crawls with another wave of goosebumps before Will even bites down.

Arousal spikes and swirls in the cradle of his hips, thick and hot and electric as a mid-summer storm, and Mike cranes his head even farther to the side with a gasp. Will takes full advantage of the access, sucking fervently at the delicate skin until Mike's hips buck, once, twice. An evil chuckle brushes past the fresh hickey the moment Will pulls away. He surprises Mike by moving up and inch and starting a new one, teeth nipping and tongue lapping with truly sinful intent. Will has always had a penchant for marking his boyfriend in small ways, ever since they were innocent thirteen-year-olds and he lent Mike an oversized sweatshirt. From there it was doodles - on Mike's hands, his arms, and even tiny stars and flowers sprinkled among the freckles on his cheeks. Then it was scent; Will would spend the whole day glued to Mike's side, and smirk like a cat when Mike went home smelling like his boyfriend's cologne. Most recently, it's been this. Love bites. Hidden - always hidden beneath a collar, never too high up. The first time, it was just another way for Will to mark, to claim. Until his teeth closed down on the muscle between neck and shoulder

and Mike's head snapped back with a rough moan.

He moans again now and goes to work blindly on Will's shirt, fumbling at the buttons.

They've barely said a word since they entered the bedroom. They don't need to. This part is all routine - well, no, nothing as dull and repetitive as *routine*. But they know this; the steps, the pattern. And besides, their habit is to stay quiet. Low voices, whispers, moans muffled by a palm or a pillow. Will is a natural at it. He's always been stealthy like that - "A ninja," the Party used to tease.

But Will's not making as much of an effort to stay quiet this time. He sighs as Mike finally triumphs over the last button. Mike slides his hands up Will's chest and over his shoulders, and the flannel shirt droops down his back. Will peels the sleeves off of his arms, freeing himself completely, and tilts forward for a hard, chaste kiss. The bare skin of their torsos press together, by design, and Will's arms wrap around Mike's shoulders. Then, just as fast, he's moving off Mike's lap and pulling them both to the center of the bed.

Mike takes the opportunity to claim the upper hand. He half-crawls over Will's reclining form, pausing to graze a hand over the obvious bulge in his jeans. Will exhales harshly. He crumples back on his elbows, head hanging back. The exchange of power is smooth and easy, and that alone makes Mike's dick twitch within its confines.

"Do you want me to touch you?" Mike asks lowly. Somehow, it feels wrong to speak the words at full volume.

Will gives a quick, loose nod. He reaches for the button his his jeans, but Mike nudges his own hands under Will's fingers. Will sits up to reach for Mike's belt instead, and together they wriggle awkwardly out of the last of their clothes. Two pairs of jeans and boxers are discarded on the floor. They're both in too much of a hurry to strip gradually. A blood-deep urgency *thrums* through Mike's body, scalp-to-calves. His cock bumps up against his stomach, and the relief of being free of clothing is overpowered almost immediately by the need for friction. He pitches forward again, lining up the full length of their bodies, and Will makes a little noise deep in his throat when Mike reaches between them, grasps, and squeezes.

A little rush of possessiveness runs through him at the sight. It's a brief but potent jumble of thoughts and impressions, dredged up from the instinctual place in his brain. *This is mine, he is mine, no one will hurt him, no one* -

Most people who know Will know him for his rare, brilliant smile, his neat clothing, his average stature, his chestnut-brown hair. Few people pay enough attention to notice his long, dexterous artists' fingers, and the faint but ever-present bags under his eyes, and the smudges of charcoal at his cheekbone and under his fingernails. Most people see his slender limbs; few people know how strong they are, toned from almost two years in track before he quit to spend more time on art. Few people know that his hands are always cold, and that his hair is always soft and shining from sneaking his mother's conditioner.

And very, very few people - just one, in fact - know that Will's scent shifts when he's really turned on. Normally, Will smells like cheap ivory soap - a clean, fresh scent, with an undertone of sweet liquorice. It's equal parts light and masculine. He almost always smells like coffee, too, for obvious reasons. He exists mainly on caffeine nowadays, what with the nightmares getting worse in the winter months. And on laundry days, like today, his clothes carry hints of laundry soap and dryer sheets. But when his eyes go dark with lust and his breaths grow shallow, a different scent sticks to his skin. Something just a little heavier, a little darker.

Mike dips his head to Will's throat, breathing in, and his head swims with *Will*. He's been unconsciously grinding his own arousal into Will's thigh as his hand strokes up and down the shorter boy's cock, but now Will tips them onto their sides with a groan. Mike goes still the moment his boyfriend's hand wraps around him. The need to move, to be touched, is so great that he has to suppress a sharp thrust. The repressed movement comes out as a deep shudder instead, and he resumes his movements at the same time that Will starts. It's a sloppy, difficult thing, trying to jerk each other off at the same time without bumping elbows, but Mike couldn't care less.

"Doing okay?" Will says suddenly between panting breaths, and Mike gets out a short laugh.

"I'm alright. You?"

Will leans forward, making it even harder to operate simultaneously in the space between them, and mumbles into Mike's mouth. "Pretty good."

Will's thumb flicks over the head of Mike's cock. The resulting gasp of breath definitely doesn't go unnoticed. Taut coils of pleasure are unfolding through Mike's body, panging in the very pit of his stomach and all the way through the muscles of his thighs. He realizes all at once that the rhythm of his own hand has slowed, and he re-focuses with a curl of his wrist that draws a low whine from Will's lips. Mike's cheeks round in a smile. There's a touch of pride in the expression; it's rare for Will to let any noises slip out. Maybe it's just because of the empty house, but Mike likes to think that there's more to it. That all of this is having just as much of an effect on Will as it is on him.

Mike steals another kiss, and their movements slow. Their hands are dry, and the friction is dangerously close to becoming uncomfortable - and plus, this can't just end at a handjob. Not this time. So he gathers a bead of precum on the pad of his thumb, rubbing in slow circles until Will's own hand falters, and says, "You think we should get...?"

He doesn't need to finish. Will is already moving away with one last firm stroke, reaching for his bedside table. In the dim, rosy light, the very tips of his outstretched fingers glisten with a smear of Mike's own moisture.

It's only when Will crawls back, leaving the drawer wide open in his hurry, that Mike fully realizes the role he plays in this. Because Will doesn't hesitate a second before handing over the label-less bottle of lube and looking at Mike expectantly. Mike rolls the bottle in his palm. Will discovered it, and quietly stole it, from Jonathan's room after he went away to college. It was already half-empty at the time, and neither of them want to think about what it might have been used for before they stowed it away in the drawer behind some old sketchbooks. That was months ago. They'll be running low before too long.

Maybe they should have talked about this part. About who'd be fucking who. It seems like such a stupidly obvious question now.

And maybe it is stupidly obvious. Maybe the answer is right in his hand. Maybe he just has to ask. Or, rather, to confirm. Because the small plastic bottle speaks for itself.

He cracks open the top, tilting a thin film of the stuff out onto his palm, and slathers it over the length of his boyfriend's impossibly warm, sensitive skin. And he asks.

2. Control

Will

Five-year-old-Will once coined the word “*floofy*” to describe Mike’s not-quite-wavy hair; now, after years of growing wilder and wilder, a more accurate descriptor might be *wavy-curly*.

Or something.

Will has never been good with words.

But he could draw it in his sleep.

Because, after all, Will Byers has drawn Mike Wheeler too many times to count. He’s memorized the exact angles of his lanky limbs. He knows the smattering of freckles across his nose, over his cheeks and forehead, down his arms, on the tops of his shoulders. If he closes his eyes he can still see the fine curls of hair over Mike’s legs and forearms.

Mike has always been the taller one, ever since they were carefree little kids on a sweltering playground, but he’s nearing giant status now. At least, it seems so to Will, who only recently surpassed his mother in height. And as if that wasn’t unfair enough, high school stripped Mike of the last of his baby fat, exposing sharper cheekbones than anyone expected. And that? That’s *really* not fair. Because somewhere between ninth and tenth grade, Mike Wheeler the “Frog-Faced” nerd turned into something of a knockout.

This, of course, hardly went unnoticed. Especially after he joined drama club. He excelled at it immediately, drawing in his audience with a voice that eventually evened out to a smooth, soothing tenor. It’s the next step up from his experience as Dungeon Master, it seems, and his wholehearted monologues are mildly infamous among the theater kids.

A theater nerd is still a nerd, and Mike still frequents the arcade, reads fantasy novels, and puts together D&D campaigns in his spare time. But every once in a while, Hawkins High School seems to forget

that, and Mike was baffled when he discovered that he's now known as a Popular Kid. He laughed himself slap-happy with the Party at the realization. Will laughed too, but he couldn't stop himself from brushing a possessive hand over Mike's arm when the others weren't looking.

Very few people know that Mike is bisexual, but he could probably have any girl - or boy - in the school that he wanted, and with little difficulty. And yet he chose Will. Chooses Will. And sometimes, Will still can't believe it, even four years after they started dating.

Times like now, when they're in Will's room. On his bed. Completely naked. Panting into the warm air. Their right hands working feverishly at each other's cocks.

The rich, spicy scent of Old Spice bar soap hangs around Mike, turning Will's thoughts thick and fuzzy even when he leans away. It follows him to the bedside table and fills his lungs when he returns. *Autumn*, he thinks vaguely. Mike smells like autumn. Like amber and clove, and the cherry flavored chapstick he stole from Nancy, though he'd never admit it. And today, his sweater carried the hint of oranges; Karen must have been making her traditional Christmas orange cakes this morning.

Mike turns the bottle over in his hands, and then pops the lid with steady fingers. Will's heart is hammering. He can feel his pulse in his temples, his fingertips, the tender head of his dick. A warm wave of pleasure sweeps over him when Mike's hand, deliciously slick from the lube, wraps around him and pumps. His eyes flutter closed.

Through the years, Mike has been Will's best friend, his unrequited crush, his first love, and his boyfriend. He's seen him at his worst, at his weakest and ugliest; he's seen the flaws, the scars, the mistakes. And as the childhood infatuation faded, a truer, stronger connection rose in its place. A more mature kind of love.

And on nights like this, there's lust, too.

But through all that, Will has never loved Mike quite the way that he loves - *wants* - him now, in this moment. Desperately, instinctually. It's a peculiar and powerful *need*, deeper than the arousal he's

accustomed to, and it rears up and roars when Mike whispers the question against the shell of his ear.

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Fuck,” Will hisses. It takes herculean effort to break through a sudden bout of timidity, but he manages to whisper, “Yes.”

Once the whisper is out, hanging in the air between them like a ribbon of smoke, the timidity dissolves. There’s a flurry of movement as they reposition, and then the rumpled warmth of blankets presses against Will’s back and cool air washes over his chest as Mike slides down. He settles himself between Will’s knees, bobbing down for a cursory lick on the way by. Will’s hips rock forward. Mike smirks.

Oh, I’ll get you for that, he thinks, but he’s distracted by Mike’s hands sliding under the small of his back. He lifts his hips to allow Mike to position a pillow underneath him, and that’s as long as he can watch. Every time they do this, shyness overtakes him in a flurry of curled fingers and butterflies, and he has to close his eyes as Mike makes himself comfortable. Kisses the inside of one thigh. Uses the spread fingers of one hand to part the pale cheeks. Runs the other thumb lightly over the puckered opening.

Will feels himself twitch, completely beyond his own control, and presses his face into the pillow next to him to expel a series of hard, trembling exhales. His hips are canted up, thanks to the pillow, and his legs shift restlessly before Mike shoves one knee aside almost impatiently, opening Will’s legs for better access. Will only has time to register the chorus of a slow, bass-heavy song before Mike’s finger presses against him. It’s cool and slick with lube and the back of Will’s head pushes into the pillow as the very tip of Mike’s finger enters him. It twists, slowly, first one way and then the other, and the tiny taste of pleasure only doubles that powerful *need* surging through his body.

The welcome intrusion retreats and Will lets out a moan that’s dangerously close to being a whine, but Mike returns swiftly, fingers dripping with fresh lube. He circles the hard ring of muscles with a fingertip, teasing, and Will’s need overpowers his bashfulness.

“Mike,” he groans. “Please.”

The fingertip eases back in, more smoothly than last time, and Mike nuzzles his face into Will’s inner thigh as the rest of the finger follows. He begins a slow pulsing motion, all the way in and then all the way out, and Will opens his eyes to stare open-mouthed at the ceiling. Faded glow-in-the-dark stars sprinkle the darker corners where the lava lamps don’t reach. He traces the familiar, otherworldly constellations with his gaze as pleasure blooms like a gentle hearthfire in his abdomen. The nervous tension is washing away with each stroke. He can feel his whole body going soft and warm as he relaxes into the stimulus. The sweet push-pull of Mike’s hand grows easier, and then faster, and then Will feels himself clench down on two fingers.

“Please,” he whispers again. The hungry motion of his hips, which he hadn’t even noticed until now, grows sharper. Demanding. Mike obeys the silent plea, slipping in with an ease that makes Will shudder, speeding up, twisting. He’s working Will open now, his fingers sawing in and out, scissoring inside him until Will’s whole body arches in bliss.

They’re going faster than is one hundred percent physically comfortable, but Will whispers encouragement, pushing himself up to meet the thrusting digits beat-for-beat. Little twinges of discomfort bleed through the haze of pleasure, not quite acute enough to be pain, and Will chases that angle, grinding down until a thin shiver of pain intertwines itself with the sweet tension. His cock jumps against his stomach and he mouths Mike’s name to the faded stars above him.

Mike hates pain. He wants no part of it for himself - at least, not like this. He revels in love bites, in scratch marks up his back and shoulders. *That* pain he openly enjoys. But he never wants it like this. When their places are switched, they take it slow, always. Not Will. Will has always thrived on pleasure laced with thin edges of pain. Maybe - definitely - there’s something wrong with him. But he’s too far gone to care about that now.

A spike of vulnerability makes Will’s thighs spasm. Mike. Mike’s hair tickling his thigh, Mike’s autumn-rich scent making his head swim,

Mike's fingers plunging into him. He remembers how hard it was, the first time, allowing himself to be utterly exposed like this. But he trusts Mike. Has always trusted Mike. And the payoff is immense.

He gathers his courage, and looks down.

Mike is leaned in close, eyes fixed on his work, as serious and focused as they are when he's about to deliver the painstakingly-planned finale of a long campaign. A throb of affection gives way abruptly to something half-instinctual as Mike's head lifts and their eyes meet.

Will breathes hard as a wave of supercharged blood hits his brain. It stirs up impulses like silt from a streambed and they slam over him one over the other. He wants to *take* and he wants to *claim* and he wants to *control*, and his mouth crushes into Mike's before he even knows he's sitting up. Mike makes this fucking *sound*, like a half-swallowed mewl of surprise, and his fingers stutter before going to work again, wrist twisted to accommodate the change of positions.

Will's hand goes questing in the space between them, seeking out the smooth heat of Mike's shaft, and Mike bucks forward into his touch. He's practically squirming, panting into Will's mouth, and Will's free hand comes up to clasp his lover's jaw. He loves how easy it is to take control. To make Mike melt into putty right in front of him. They break the kiss and Will draws his thumb in tight circles at the underside of the head, flicking the ridge with each pass until Mike huffs, "God, *Will*."

At some point, Mike must have added another finger, because Will can feel his muscles contract and then relax around the width of three. Mike sinks them in, curls them, searching. It takes a few tries before he finds what he's looking for, but when he does Will moans - sudden, long, and ragged. Pleasure ripples in him like the resonating cords of a harp.

"Is this okay?" Mike asks, and Will almost laughs. Even now, with Will jerking him off and three of his fingers buried in his ass, Mike is worried about his well being. Silly boy. Silly, sweet boy.

"Yes," he answers simply. Mike smiles at him - a smile that's far too pure and simply, quietly happy for what they're doing - and Will

grins back.

He feels powerful like this. Powerful, and wanted, and loved, and *safe*.

Mike is a beautiful mess. His hair is wild, cheeks stained a dark pink, lips swollen and mouth open and panting, eyes even darker than normal. They're almost black - two dark, clear pools in the pinkish glow. Lust shows in them as clear as day. He's always worn his heart on his sleeve, and it's something Will has always loved. If he's happy or sad or angry he shows it - and if Will hits a particularly good angle or nips at just the right place along his throat, he *shows* it, moaning, whole-body convulsing.

Mike's fingers have slowed. He's looking at Will again, straight into his eyes, and Will's own hand slows until it's motionless at the base of Mike's cock. Mike's heartbeat pulses under his palm, quick as a rabbit's, but otherwise he's still.

Will knows the question before Mike can ask it. He knows the answer, too, and he's nodding before the words are spoken.

"Are you ready?"

Will keeps nodding. "Yes." And then, as a shaky bolt of arousal runs through him at the realization of what they're about to do - "Please."

It flipped again. The control. It happens all the time, in moments like this; one minute Will is filled with the blood-hot need to press Mike into the sheets and see what expressions he can draw from him, and the next he needs nothing more than to be held down and told what to do. But it has never overpowered him quite like this. It binds itself to his very marrow, curling in his veins, shooting long tendrils of lust through him until he gasps. It's an urge as powerful and real as Mike himself, an instinct he can't disobey, and it hisses, *submit*.

It would remind him of the Mind Flayer, if he didn't feel so undeniably safe and warm. Maybe it's the shadow of the monster - the imprint it left in his mind. A battle he can never stop fighting, reliving - the struggle for control. And the sweet release of letting it go. Maybe that battle left him more fucked up than most people

realize.

But then, he knew that.

They're on their sides, Will's spine pressed into Mike's chest, cocooned in the tangle of Mike's limbs. They sleep like this, when they can. It's comforting.

Mike pulls Will back, snuggling him more firmly against his chest, and a half-choked "ha!" pops from Will's mouth. He can feel Mike's solid length against his ass, hot as a stove and poking insistently at the sensitive flesh. *Want* swirls in him, thick and charged as a thunderstorm. Maybe he should be scared, but all he can process is the aching emptiness left by Mike's fingers, and he wants it filled. *Now.*

Like before, Mike reaches between them, one hand parting Will's cheeks and the other seeking out the now-prepared hole. He retrieves the bottle of lube one more time to slather a generous handful over himself, and then works a good amount into Will. He circles the quivering rim a few times for good measure, and the air seems to grow thick, like a sponge against Will's bare skin.

The tip of Mike's cock nudges against Will's opening before he even realizes that Mike is lining them up, and he jolts. Mike, misinterpreting it as a nervous jump, nuzzles his nose into Will's hair.

"Just relax, pretty boy," he whispers, and Will goes limp with a shudder.

Mike presses forward, ever-so-slowly. Will's mouth opens, lips pulling into an O. His heart jackhammers in his throat, the rush of his pulse drowning out the music. He can feel himself fluttering, at first, twitching, his body trying to reject the girth of the foreign object, but he pushes himself back with a full-throated moan. The lube makes it easy. And Mike. Mike makes it easy. With his sweet kisses peppered along Will's head and neck and jaw, and his hand firm on Will's hip, and his breath hot on Will's ear. He takes a moment to collect himself, trying to relax, and rocks himself back again. Mike begins to tremble.

Will knows he should slow down, let himself adjust, but he doesn't mind the pain. It swirls and blends with the pleasure, lending a keen aftertaste to the tension ramping up throughout his body. Plus - and this is probably a fucked-up way to measure it, but he can't stop the thought from coming - this is nothing compared to when the Mind Flayer first took him. Usually he would curl in on himself in guilt for such a thought, but not now. He's too overwhelmed to care about that. About anything. All that matters now is the throbbing, rock-hard presence sheathed fully inside him. He's shuddering. Shuddering, and tossing his head back against Mike's shoulder and moaning and Mike is shushing him out of habit, even though there's no one else around.

He wants Mike to move, wants him to grab Will by the hips and rut into him, but he's lost all words to say so. All he can think is *oh* and *yes* and *Mike*.

He wonders, distantly, how anyone can say this is wrong. This is *right*. The most right he's felt in a long time.

His voice returns with a shallow inhale. "Mike - move."

But Mike waits, despite Will's increasingly desperate pleas and impatient wriggles, until he has time to adjust. And only then does he start to move. And Will tilts his head back and forgets when and where he is. It's slow at first, but firm, and strong, and the rhythm is oil-smooth from the lube. Almost effortless, despite their clumsy inexperience and missed beats. Will feels himself relax into the pulse of flesh-against-flesh, feels his body accept the intrusion, and Mike moans when he starts to snap his hips back to meet Mike's thrusts. The pleasure building deep in his core is alien to anything he's experienced, but good - so fucking good that he finds himself moaning with each stroke, mouth open, eyes shut. Mike moans with him.

You're actually enjoying this, aren't you? a familiar voice pipes up in the back of his mind. The voice that followed him around like an invisible bully since the very first day he realized he was different. *Look at you. You really are a little fag.*

Will trembles and feels how Mike is losing control, growing desperate and sloppy as he thrusts into him, and he thinks, *Mike doesn't seem to*

mind.

That shuts the voice up, and he turns his face into the pillow and bites down. He wants to bite Mike. He wants to sink his teeth into the muscle just between his boyfriend's neck and shoulder, where he knows it will make Mike groan brokenly and buck his hips forward. *Next time*, he decides, and then flushes deeper still, because he's already planning a next time.

Mike's left hand, meanwhile, finds Will's by chance, and they link fingers automatically. Mike releases Will's hip and guides their right hands to Will's neglected dick, encouraging him to touch himself. The new, deeper pleasure washes together with the familiar, sweeter pleasure, and Will knows all at once that he won't last much longer.

"You're doing good," Mike is whispering, intentionally using Will's craving for praise to wind him up higher. "You're doing so good."

They're sliding together now, not just where they're connected but everywhere, limbs tangled, torsos writhing. Mike's whole body is fire-hot and sweat-slick against Will's, and when he drops his forehead onto Will's hair, he huffs out hard breaths into the nape of his neck. The heat of his skin seeps into Will's sweat-damp hair. The scent of him - of them - is everywhere.

"Mike," Will manages with a strained voice. "I'm - Mike - I'm gonna -"

"Me too," Mike breathes. His thrusts are jagged, hard, eager.

Heat floods to the base of Will's spine in a burst of tingles, and every part of him goes tense. "Oh," he says, soft and intense, "oh - oh - Mike -"

His climax seems to be dredged up from the very core of his being, shaking through him as he moans into the pillow. His release splashes onto his stomach and the bedding below them, hot and slick. Faintly, he's aware of Mike clutching him close and going still with a off-rhythm series of shallow thrusts.

They come down together, hands still clasped, panting hard. Mike

leans back just far enough to slip out and Will winces at the resulting empty throb.

Wind whistles over the house. The mixtape sings cheerfully to itself across the room, an acoustic guitar *plink-plunking* behind the lyrics.

Chester barks from the other side of the bedroom door.

Will huffs out a laugh. “He probably thinks something horrible has happened to us.”

“Horrible?” Mike teases. He’s out of breath. “Well, if that’s the review, then I suppose...”

Laughing, he flips over. His limbs are shaky and limp, like he just sprinted a mile, and he fits himself into Mike’s arms with a sigh. “Maybe not horrible. I might even say... adequate.”

“Aw, thank you, I tried.”

Will gives a scoffing laugh and they shove at each other a few times, halfheartedly.

The seconds stretch on, and then minutes, and Will snuggles back into Mike’s warmth.

After a while he sighs again. “We should probably go clean up or something, huh?”

“Probably.” Mike pokes his side teasingly. “Got room in the shower for two?”

“I swear to god, Michael, if you turn the cold water on me again I’m making you sleep on the floor.”

Mike pops up on one elbow, eyes big and innocent. “I would never!”

They crawl out of the bed, groaning about pulled muscles, and Will can’t stop grinning to himself like an idiot. But then again, neither can Mike. So that’s probably okay.

Notes for the Chapter:

As always, if you have a moment, I would be thrilled
to hear your thoughts!

I might (MIGHT) write more on this later. Maybe.